

# THE COUNTRY COURIER.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, MONDAY, JULY 1, 1816.

No. 7.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED  
MONDAY AND THURSDAY,  
BY BARENT GARDENIER,

No. 87 Pearl-street, New-York.

AT FIVE DOLLARS *per annum*, payable in advance.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27.

*Treasure trove.* That Seth Handaside, who keeps the Columbian Hotel, in Mulberry street, is a very strange fellow, and very lucky too. It seems that a packet was left at his house to be forwarded to Fox Meadows, for a very venerable patriot residing there. Mr. Handaside informs me, that supposing it to contain nothing but newspapers, he thought he might venture to untie it, and gratify his curiosity, which he confesses to be very powerful, by reading a few of them. To his great surprise, he found several *manuscripts* in one of them, which must have got in by mistake in the hurry of business; and not knowing to whom they belonged, sent them to this office. I very much regret, that like Mr. Rodman's precious letter, one of them is not entire; and especially, that it is without a signature. But as it is very interesting, I have thought it best, in these scarce news times, to lay the whole before the readers of the Courier.

My dear Cobbett,

As I discover that the letter I wrote to you last, does not contain every thing which I am anxious to communicate to you, I write this to send by the same ship. I must request you again to read the National Intelligencer carefully, as it contains the sentiments of Mr. Madison, and is the democratic oracle. All our democratic papers copy their sentiments from the Intelligencer in order to maintain a unanimity of sentiment on political subjects. I repeat it, stick to the Intelligencer; make it your text, and rely upon it, your paper will sell well here—As to the Aurora, "shun it as you'd shun the devil." Your old enemy Duane, has been seized with the ridiculous whim of being independent and thinking for himself;—the apostate boldly declares that we should be governed by principles and not men, which you know is a doctrine which would be fatal to our party now, as we have abandoned all our old principles, and determined to support our party *fas et nefas*. You would do well to abuse Duane severely;—I have no doubt it would make your paper sell well here—As this is the only instance in which you can act with consistency, you ought to make the best of it. On the contrary, my dear Cobbett, say not a word against Monroe, your old enemy, as Mr. Madison, and all of us, have fixed upon

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him for our next president. If he is elected president, and succeeds in getting his conscription law passed, you see we shall have the power completely in our hands, and then the federalists shall smart for it. Between you and me, Mr. Monroe has a high opinion of you, and encourages your paper, and ever since you took the part of Napoleon and France, he has spoken very much in your praise, and so have all the democrats. Any thing you write in favor of France will make your paper sell well here, and pray don't forget to abuse England in every number you write, if you wish to be popular with us. We shall expect an essay from you in praise of Mr. Monroe, as soon as possible, at any rate before the election. The democrats will believe any thing you say. My dear Cobbett, if you can say any thing in favor of a conscription law, pray do it and your paper will sell well here. A good essay in favor of high salaries would also be very pleasant to our party, as the people have become a little mulish about them and won't lead—Duane, your old enemy is the most mulish of all.

I have no doubt but a good *knock 'em down* argument, against Duane would procure you a pension. Apropos, have you any idea of coming to the United States to settle? If you have, depend upon it, we will elect you to Congress whenever you have a mind to go there; and if you settle in New-York we will support you to a man for governor. We democrats have the greatest confidence in you. I hope, my dear Cobbett, you have received the pleasing intelligence that your old enemy Doctor Rush is dead and rotten.—Your "Rush-light," is much admired by the democrats, and I think a new edition of it would sell well here. The Doctor was very much execrated by the democrats, as soon as you began to write in favour of our mutual friend Buonaparte. By the way if you would write an occasional essay in praise of poor, dear Napoleon, it would make your Register sell well here.

Old Washington somehow is still popular among the populace, although he was our political enemy, and although we have completely triumphed over his principles; but as the democrats love you very much, and have great confidence in your advice, I think an essay against him now and then, will meet with approbation among the people and will certainly make your paper sell well, among the leading democrats. Mr. Jefferson would be particularly gratified with any thing of that sort, and would promote your interest with great zeal. You would do well to read our friend Calendar's book, in order to obtain information to suit your purpose. You recollect Mr. Jefferson was the patron and friend of Mr. Calendar, and no doubt you



will find some lampoons in his paper against Old Washington, written by Mr. Jefferson's own pen. I must not forget to request that you will write something against the federal news-papers, which are very troublesome and mischievous, and will not let the democrats have a moments peace. Adieu my dear Cobbett, and pray remember to say nothing against standing armies; or high taxes; or high salaries; or conscription laws; or great navies; or great national banks; or hereditary officers, until after Mr. Monroe's election.

Your warmest friend and greatest admirer.

PETER HALLEN.

N. B. Your paper will sell well here.

#### THE CRITIC—NO V.

I have, in a cursory manner, perused a volume of new poems, written by Lord Byron. Although it may justly be considered beneath the dignity of a critic to enter into a formal and grave examination of poetic trifles such as these are, yet I am induced to do it, by the consideration that even the trifles of that popular author are more interesting than great productions of any other writer. Three of the poems contained in the little volume are translated from the French, and I regret that I have not the original, to see with what degree of justice to the French author, my lord has made his translation. The first poem is called "an Ode from the French" but what it contains to entitle it to the honour of a translation, for my life I cannot perceive. The whole amount of thought it contains is about this "the blood of freedom on Waterloo, is not sunk" but is rising from the gory trunks, with a strong and growing motion *Like the water spout from ocean!*" This water spout as might be expected forms

"A crimson cloud which spreads and glows  
But shall return to whence it rose!"

unless the prepositions *to* and *from*, mean the same thing, I cannot see the propriety of the phrase *to whence*. But to proceed—The aforesaid cloud, when full, (full of what? of itself I suppose,) is to burst asunder" and dreadful to relate

"Never yet was heard such thunder  
As shall shake the world—with wonder!"

I venture to say this same cloud will excite more laughter than wonder. But look again gentle reader—keep your eye upon this cloud and behold you are presented with the strange spectacle of "lightening," just like—what?

"Like the Wormwood Star foretold  
By the sainted Seer of old,  
Show'ring down a fiery flood  
Turning rivers into blood—"

I remember that John, the great Evangelist, in the Isle of Patmos, saw in a vision a star fall from heaven whose name was wormwood, and which made a third part of the waters bitter—But as to its being foretold by a sainted seer; or showering down a fiery flood; or turning rivers into blood, good lack! I have never heard of it. This must be a vision of the poet, not of the Sainted Seer. Ohe! jain Satis. I set out with the idea of giving an abridgement of this admired poem but find my abridgement already nearly as long as the poem and shall therefore drop it, and proceed to the next, called "The Star of the legion of Honor." "This same Star is if possible more wonderful than the aforementioned Cloud."

Its rays are formed by souls of slain heroes;

Eternity flashes through its blaze and its light breaks on human eyes like a volcano of the skies. This same star rolls a stream of blood; like lava, which sweeps down Empires. Then comes a rainbow; a new fashioned one which is as strange as either the cloud or the star: for it is composed of but three colors and one of those colors happens to be no color at all—viz. white. But if we could call it a color, I venture to say it was never seen in any rainbow except this wonderful one of France. No wonder the poet remarked that this rainbow did "beseech" a dream. The last verse strikes off after a full stop thus—

"And freedom hallows with her tread  
The silent cities of the dead!"

This "And" seems for all the world like a lost sheep, or a fish out of its element, and its case is really to be pitied.

The next poem is "Napoleon's Farewell," which is so much better than the others, that I shall not say a word against it, except that it contains nothing above mediocrity and nothing below.

The two remaining poems are Byron's own compositions, and although not extraordinary in any point of view, they are worth all the rest—I shall let them pass, at any rate for the present. Indeed I feel great reluctance to disturb for a moment, the flow of admiration which has been excited, by every line in the volume, good, bad or indifferent.—I envy the faculty which so many readers possess, of discovering beauties in every thing, and like the bee, extracting honey from weeds. When will Americans begin to judge for themselves, and cease to be governed by *men* instead of *principles*, as well in literature as in politics?

*A disgrace to the city!* For two or three Sundays I have observed in walking up Broadway, that the Soda shop of Mrs. Usher, the widow of a respectable and ingenious Irish gentleman, who died in this city some years since, was shut up, while all the others, and especially one of Messrs. Clark & Lynch, immediately opposite, was in full operation. It was utterly unaccountable to me, why Mrs. Usher should forego the advantages of Sunday sales of Soda water, usually by far the most profitable of any in the week. Last evening I called at Mrs. Usher's establishment to enquire the cause; when Mrs. Stevens, the mother of Mrs. Usher, and like her, a widow, informed me that three Sundays ago, in the day time, a person called, and forbade her to sell on Sunday. Poor Mrs. Stevens, being one of those unfortunate persons, who judge people by their looks, thought this a very impertinent interference, and resented it accordingly, saying she had had permission from the corporation, through Col. Fish, to sell on Sunday. In the evening, the same person called again, and in a very surly manner, demanded how she dared to keep the shop open, contrary to orders? Mrs. Stevens says she now enquired what right he had to order her? Upon which the person said, he was *the Mayor*! The old lady never having seen his worship before, surveyed him from head to foot, and being perfectly satisfied he was not the Mayor, for very naturally, she thought it impossible, replied that she did not believe he was the Mayor. It was the Mayor never-



the less, as little as he looked like it, in Mrs. Stevens's eyes. The consequence was, that a few days afterwards, Mrs. Usher was cited by the attorney of the Corporation, and informed, that a member of the Common Council had *informed* against her for selling Soda Water on Sunday. Her mother, Mrs. Stevens, went to the attorney, and enquiring who the informer was, was told it was Mayor Radcliff, and that Mrs. Usher had incurred a penalty of five dollars; which was accordingly paid. Mrs. Usher's shop has not since been open on Sunday. Clark & Lynch have had theirs open daily on the opposite side of Broadway, and in Wall-street also, nobody informing against them. I make no comment. If this simple detail does not excite the exasperation of the community, it is in vain to appeal to them. If the bread of two widows and perhaps half a dozen orphan children can be taken from their mouths by the chief magistrate of the first city in the Union, to feed two coody shops at their expence, and if this city has become so barbarous, as to ensure the magistracy of such a man, it is right that we should be held up to the derision and contempt of the world.

We have taken some pains to ascertain the truth of a story which has been some days in circulation, of an affront given by one of Bonaparte's officers, to the French Minister, Monsieur de Neuville, and feel ourselves authorised to state that there is not the least foundation for this very ridiculous fabrication.

## A FACT.

As two bucks, arm in arm, were meand'ring the street,  
As chock full of wine, as an egg is of meat,  
"Hold fast to my arm," (exclaim'd Harry to Paul.)  
"For united we stand, divided we fall."

J. C. ZIMMERMAN, esq. has been appointed commercial agent, *ad interim*, of H. M. the King of the Netherlands, for the City and state of New-York.

## Regular dissection of the Old and New Testament.

Books in the Old.	In the New.	Total.
Testament,	37	66
Chapters,	929	1189
Verses,	23214	31173
Words,	592,493	773,692
Letters,	2,723,100	3,566,480

The Apocrypha has 183 Chapters, 681 Verses, 125,135 Words. The middle Chapter and Verse is the 117th Psalm. The middle Verse is the 8th of 118th Psalm. The middle line is the 2d Book of Chronicles, 4th Chapter, and 16th Verse. The word AND occurs in the Old Testament 35,535 times. The word in the New Testament 10,684 times. The word JEHOVAH occurs 6855 times. Old Testament, the middle Book is Proverbs—the middle Chapter is 29th Job—middle Verse is 2nd of Chronicles, 20th Chapter and 13th Verse. The least Verse is the 1st Book of Chronicles, 1st Chapter and 1st Verse, New Testament, middle of THESALONIANS the 2nd. The middle Chapter is between the 13th and 14th of Romans. The middle Verse is 17th of 17th Chapter of the Acts. The least verse is the 35th

of the 11th Chapter of the Gospel by St. John. The 21st Verse of the 7th Chapter of EZRA, has all the letters of the Alphabet in it. The 19th Chapter of the 2nd Book of KINGS, and the 37th Chapter of ISAIAH are alike. The Book of ESTHER has 10 Chapters, but neither the words LORD or GOD in it. The name LORD is found 6062 times in the Old Testament. The word GOD 2725 times. The word JESUS occurs 925 times in the New Testament. The name CHRIST 555. The word SELAH is met with 74 time in the Bible. The word ETERNITY but once. The double answeration of VERILY, VERNLY, is to be found 25 times in John's Gospel, and no where else. There are 314 Interrogations in JOB. The phrase AND GOD SAID, occurs 10 times in the 1st Chapter of GENESIS. The name JESUS and CHRIST are neither of them in the 3d Epistle of JOHN.—The word FOREORDAINED is mentioned but once in the Bible, the 2nd PETER, 1st Chapter and 10th Verse.

## Extract of a letter to a gentleman at Wiscasset, dated Liverpool, May 14th 1816.

The import of cotton during the last fortnight amounted to the heavy total of 29,386 bags and bales; the sale of 9002, leaving an increase to our stock of 20,324 bags. This quantity arriving immediately after very extensive purchases by trade, caused a suspension of sales, and prices receded accordingly; but the decline has not been rapid or considerable, from the prevalent opinion among the manufacturers and merchants, that the crops will prove inadequate to the wants of Europe and our own country. Yesterday the demand revived and we look to former prices, ere long, although little doubt can be entertained of great exertions on your side to ship all that can be purchased on tolerable terms, when another decline will take place here, and upon the heel of the new crop, shipments at high prices will probably prove very injurious. We quote Uplands 18 3-4 ad. to 20 1-4—Orleans 19 1-4 to 22-1-2 ad.—Sea Island 2s 4d to 2s 7d 3-4—prices at which 500 sold on the 10th inst. at auction.

For ashes, Pot, there has been a good demand of sale, but by a late arrival from Boston 200 are brought forward and sales are made from 100s to 95s. We must shortly have some from Canada and prices will decline. Of Pearl, the stock is about 2000 bbls. and prices looking downward to 70s.

Turpentine, tar, rosin and pitch are without inquiry—the losses on them are enormous—the former of good quality seldom at 14s. Of tar the import is 11,000 bbls. of which 400 sold from 14s to 12s—there are no buyers now at any price, and the season is fast approaching when the waste is great. Rosin, nominally, 7s 6d a 8.—Pitch 7.

The sanguine expectations of flax-seed holders are completely annihilated. Ireland has been overstocked and cargoes are now coming from thence—the last sale was 400 hds. at 44s; it will decline probably to 35s.

Staves are very dull of sale, our quotations comprehend all qualities, as sales are at such



irregular prices. W. O. pipe 20l a 30l; hhd. 12l a 22l; bdl. 8 15 a 10l.

There have been several cargoes of timber from the southern, and some from the eastern states and New-Brunswick, and many expected. If the shippers had referred to the currencies of months and calculated the charges on such cargoes, they would have done better by keeping their vessels unemployed—it is scarcely possible to come to a worse market. Some cargoes have been refused by the consignees, and must be sold by the masters to defray their disbursements;—whilst such is the want of money and pressing poverty of the agricultural interest that no prospect exists of an improvement, or even of demand. Hard wood is held for 2s without bidders and with the advance of the season becomes crooked, less fit for use, and must ultimately yield to fresh importations from our own colonies.

Discourageing as you may think this statement, we do not conceive it to be overdrawn; the effects of the peace are not yet fully felt. It will give us pleasure to advise you of more animated times.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

#### COMMUNICATION.

#### *On the probable profits of the new National Bank, and the policy of subscribing to it.*

[Written solely for the benefit of widows orphans, and charitable and literary institutions.]

No political considerations mingle with this discussion. The writer is decidedly in favor of a National Bank. Though he disapproves and strongly condemns some of the principles adopted in the existing one, yet he sincerely wishes it success. He wishes it may prosper, and tend to restore some uniformity; security and stability to our currency; or rather to the currency of the *Southern and Middle States, our own being good enough.*

But the writer of this article believes that he is influenced purely by a regard to the interests of those who are most likely to suffer by the New Bank, who may be allured by its specious promises, or deceived by its name and an imperfect comparison of it with the other National Bank, its predecessor.

Bank stock was once the best property in the United States. It is not perhaps extravagant to say it is now among the worst. This however may be safely affirmed, that the widows, orphans, eleemosynary, and literary corporations have on an average, in N. England, sustained a loss of 20 per cent. of all their capital invested in Bank stock; and in many cases of 30 per cent.

It is my opinion that the National Bank Stock will prove as bad or a worse property than that of any existing bank. Speculators and large capitalists may and probably will seize upon nearly or quite the whole of it. They are active, vigilant, and capable of turning even a bad speculation into a good one. They may give a momentary value

to this stock; they may even cause it to rise to par when its real value will be only about 75 or 76 per cent. Then will be the danger for widows, orphans and literary institutions. They will be tempted to embark in it at par or above, when it is morally certain that it will be eventually below par, and that it is not worth 80 per cent on a fair calculation.

The basis of my calculation is as follows.

1st. Three quarters of the capital is now worth less than 32 per cent. and as every citizen has the right to subscribe and has an equal chance, it ought not to be valued above the present value of the component parts of the capital, unless its monopoly gives it an advantage, which I shall now consider.

2d. One fifth of its capital is subscribed by the U. States in 5 per cent. stocks, tho' they are to draw a full share of the profits, as if they paid as well as the other subscribers. This fifth part is only worth 68 per cent. while 8 per cent are at 82.

3d. A premium or bonus is given to the Government, of one million five hundred thousand dollars, which I believe is to be paid down, if so, ninety thousand dollars a year, (besides sinking so much capital) is to be deducted from the profits of the bank.

4th. The government has a right to borrow at 5 per cent. 500,000 dollars. This they will do. I admit it is no great sum. But as they have 5 directors out of 25, as they retain a control over the bank by having a right to withdraw their deposits at pleasure, as all the southern banks were found submissive to Government, and even our State Bank equally so to the great injury of the Stockholders and the almost utter ruin of its credit at the time, it is to be feared that these loans in time of war may extend much farther.

5th. The principles on which the bank will be administered, are much more clearly seen now than they were in debate. It is obvious that it is to be a government machine. The nomination of Commissioners proves it. With a few exceptions they are the tools of Government. The whole national bank may be, we fear, under as perfect a control of the Secretary of the Treasury as his own clerks can be.

Where is the harm of this? It may be asked. The man or the woman, or the infant, or fool who has not forgotten the state of our pecuniary affairs only eighteen months since, who knows how little our government respects credit, and banks, and mercantile honour, will see a great deal of harm in it.

6th. The National Bank proposed by Hamilton was free from these defects. It commenced operation when the whole banking capital of U. States did not exceed ten millions. It added ten more, making it twenty millions. Now the bank capital is at least (it is much more) eighty millions, and it is proposed to add thirty-five millions. Our commerce has about doubled—(It will shrink I fear as rapidly) while our bank capital has more than quintupled. Our exports will not



be found to be more than one hundred millions last year. In 1793, I think they were near fifty millions. If twenty millions bank capital was sufficient to circulate that fifty millions, can it require one hundred and fifteen millions to circulate one hundred?

These are things worth noticing.

7th. The National bank only divided eight per cent per annum for twenty years, and did not repay the capital for some time after.

Can it be expected that the new national bank will ever pay six per cent. when it is under such burdens to government and comes into a market so over supplied with bank stock? Never I think can that bank divide seven per cent unless by fraudulent dividends, made to deceive the stockholders, or unless it should adopt the fashionable system of the south, become a paper bank, in which case to be sure, there are no limits, and I may add from which "bourne no traveller returns."

What motive then, has a widow, or orphan, or public institution to put their money into the new bank where it is morally sure they can never get more than six per cent. and where I verily believe they never will receive more than five if it is honourably and safely conducted; when they can now get on security as great and greater, (the government itself,) from seven to eight per cent?

It might further be observed that the government not only reserves to itself the right to withdraw all the public business from this bank at its pleasure, but it obliges the bank to place any money it may receive for it wherever the government pleases, free of expense.

This is on Mr. Dallas's new idea, that the difference of exchange is a mere arbitrary, accidental and conventional thing on the part of the merchants, that in truth a Baltimore bill is worth as much as a Boston one, only some northern merchants obstinately and foolishly persist in maintaining that there is a difference; and hence according to this provision, the national bank is obliged to pay specie in Boston for bills for trash, (for millions if the Secretary pleases) which it may have received at Baltimore at a loss of 20 per cent. These Mr. Hale, are the ideas of a man who never speculates, who wishes to see a good national bank as much as he dreads a bad one, but who feels it a most solemn duty to put people upon thinking; sufficiently happy if he shall save one widow or orphan from loss.

#### NEWBERN, June 8.

**Horrid Murder**—We hear with much horror, that John Coor Pender, Esq. of Wayne county, was on Tuesday last, found murdered in a path leading from his home to a plantation on Little River, about a mile off. The circumstances which we have heard, prove that the murder had been committed the evening before, and with the most deliberate design. It appears that he was first shot from behind a blind, which had been some time before made with bushes, at a short distance from the path; and that then his brains were beaten out with clubs!—Suspicion has attached to

two persons in the neighborhood, whose names it might be rash to publish, and we understand they have been accordingly arrested, and are now detained in prison. We have not understood the causes of this suspicion so particularly as to authorise us to mention them. The deceased was a man of fortune, and one of the oldest magistrates of the county of Wayne; had been more than once sheriff of the county, and had been many years since, one of its representatives in the general assembly.

#### From an English Paper.

Recitals of the deplorable situation, cruel treatment, and horrid sufferings of the white slaves in Africa.

Particulars furnished to Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, by M. Matchier Debrie, Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, and of the royal military order of St. Louis, of his captivity at Tunis.

"In an excursion which I made in the Mediterranean in 1798, on board a corvette under the Maltese flag, equipped as a cruiser against the Barbary States, I was taken, together with my fellow voyagers, and soon thrown, with them, like a bale of goods, into the hold of a xebeck, heaped upon one another, wounded or not wounded, in a most cruel manner.—Molded biscuit and fetid water constituted our sustenance for five days. Extreme suffering does not always terminate in death. The wounds which I received in the action, before and during the boarding, were not dressed till after the lapse of six days. We landed at length at the Goleita, an imposing fortress near Tunis. I was not able to walk—they tossed me upon a mule, and by way of quickening its pace, they belaboured me with their sticks and whips. On entering Tunis, half naked, and all over blood, the infuriated mob hissed and hooted, and insulted me: inflicted upon me blows with sticks, and lashes with whips, kicked and cuffed me, spat in my face, uttered horrid imprecations and threats, and assailed me with stones;—such was my reception in that barbarous town, which I momentarily expected would be my untimely tomb—*You dog of a Christian—you shall suffer—you shall be put to death!* Exclaimed my tormentors, as they continued to beat and outrage me.

At length, in the midst of a horde of those barbarians, one took me by the arm, another by the ear, and twirling me round, asked, "*How much will you give for the beast?*" They then dragged me through Tunis, to convey me to Barua, the residence of the Bey, in whose service I was entered as a slave. Having one day repeated, to one of my companions in misery, an expression made use of by the Bey—"That the ground which he trod upon contained mines of gold and silver; but that he took special care not to mention the circumstance, in order that he might not excite the jealousy and cupidity of the Europeans, who would soon drive him from his domain"—he came to a knowledge of the disclosure, and ordered me to be put in irons. It is the horrid and insatiable thirst for gold which instigates these barbarians to the perpetration of so many atrocities. For my deliverance, in the capacity of a Knight of Malta, they required 100 slaves or 100,000 francs.

Ere long I should infallibly have fallen a victim to horrors of such a cruel captivity, if Mr. Devoize, the French Consul, and Mr. Magra, the English Consul, had not come to my succor. I feel happy in having it in my power to proclaim to the world their generous and humane conduct, and publicly to declare my gratitude, by publishing their names, and blessing their memory.



"It is in that barbarous country, that dreadful abode of the extreme of human misery, where one sees, as collected in a focus, all the horrid inflictions that can torture the body, and shock and appal the soul.

"I have seen poor Sicilians receive 200 blows with a bamboo upon the soles of the feet, then compelled, by heavy lashes of a whip, to continue on foot, their painful drudgery; and it frequently happens that those wretches, quite worn out with hunger and fatigue, would give half their scanty pittance of bad bread, to obtain a remission of stripes.

"I have seen respectable inhabitants of the islands of St. Peter and Sardinia, torn from their homes and from their country—men, women, children, old men, and infants at the breast—all—indiscriminately dragged into slavery, and sold with less compunction than the obdurate captors would have disposed of so many of the vilest of the brute creation.

"I saw, finally, *two nephews of the Bey* put in chains by his orders. These unfortunate young men, confined in a dismal and loathsome prison for several years, partly in consequence of the horrid treatment they endured, and partly in consequence of unwholesome food and infectious air, had lost the human figure and appearance; I fancy they are still present to my sight, their eyes were ferocious—their colour livid—their beards reached to their waist—their arms were withered—their nails indurated and formed like the claws of feline animals; in short, they were eminently no longer of the human species. \*

\* \* \* One day I was ordered to throw them their portion of black bread—I had scarcely time to withdraw—they darted at me howling and roaring more hideously than wild beasts. The sight harrowed up my soul, and chilled my blood in my veins."

From this narrative some idea may be formed of the treatment which the captive foreigners are doomed to suffer in Africa.

N. B. The revolutions which have taken place since the period of M. the Chevalier Debrie's captivity, have put other Beys (some of whom were humane and enlightened statesmen,) successively at the head of that regency; but have produced no change in the *system of the government*, whose policy is to be *constantly at war* with one or several European States in turn, and to derive a revenue from the ransom of captive slaves.

#### A REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"What can the reason be," says Dick,

"My ankles are so very thick?"

"You surely must forget," says Harry,

"How great a calf they have to carry!"

If Mr. Gardenier can perceive the excellence in the following lines, which is so visible to me, (though not the author) he can put them in *limbo*; if not, he may consign them to the *pigeon hole*. H. C.

#### A LOVER'S LAMENTATION

*Sung by Rogero, in Prison.*

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view

This dungeon that I'm rotting in,

I think of those companions true,

Who studied with me at the U-

niversity of Gottengin.

*Weeps, and pulls out a handkerchief; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds,*

Sweet 'kerchief, chequed with heav'nly blue;

Which once my love sat knotting in!

Alas! Matilda then was true;  
At least I thought so, at the U-  
niversity of Gottengin.

*Here Rogero clanks his chains in concert.*

Barbs, barbs! alas, how swift ye flew,  
Her neat post-wagon trotting in;  
Ye bore Matilda from my view,  
Forlorn I languished at the U-  
niversity of Gottengin.

These sunken cheeks—their pallid hue—  
This blood my veins are clotting in—  
My years are many—they were few,  
When first I entered at the U-  
niversity of Gottengin.

Here first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottengin!  
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-  
tor, law professor at the U-  
niversity of Gottengin.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world adieu;  
That kings and priests are plotting in;  
Here doom'd to starve on water gru-  
el, never shall I see the U-  
niversity of Gottengin!

#### FRIDAY, JUNE 23.

*It is a good rule that works both ways*, says the old maxim. Our enlightened corporation seem to be of a different opinion. They have lately passed an ordinance, prohibiting the *raising* of goods *from the streets*, but they say nothing of *lowering* them *upon* the streets. If the object be to prevent bales, crates, &c. from falling upon the heads of passengers, as is alledged, it is hardly possible to conceive why *lowering* has not been forbidden as well as *raising*. It is equally inexplicable, that *raising from the street* is alone prohibited; raising from one story to another, being still permitted.

*Old times returning*.—We all remember that in the *former* reign of democracy, corporation bonds were hawked about the streets, and offered at a discount of from ten to fifteen per cent. and we know, that under a federal corporation, the city stock was kept constantly *at par*. Democracy however, has triumphed, and this same stock has since that glorious event, fallen some six or seven per cent! The democrats, whether in the general or state government, or the city council, have certainly a knack at impairing *credit*, in which none can equal them. All the *patriots* like them, because they have over and over again, sworn that they too are patriots; but your snug, keen, calculating men, who know what is what, cannot be made to trust them, as they do honest people.

In a production of magnitude and importance, a reader of generous feelings always overlooks trifling errors. But he requires that a short poem should be perfect, in its diction at least. "*The Sun himself hath spots, and the diamond hath its flaws*" but a small poem should be without spot or blemish. "*Napoleon's farewell*, translated by



Lord Byron, is considered by his admirers, so perfect a morceau, as to defy the attacks of the most fastidious critic; and to this cause may be attributed my tenderness towards it, in my criticism of yesterday. But to shew, that my forbearance was the result of mere generosity, I shall now prove that the "Farewell" is not a perfect performance.

The very first lines present us with a violation of rhetorical propriety:

*"Farewell to the land, where the gloom of my glory  
Arose and overshadow'd the earth with her name—"*

I never before heard of the "gloom of glory," or the darkness of the sun. But when I find that this curious gloom of glory "overshadows the earth with her name," that is, the name of the "land," I am utterly confounded. If we reduce these lines to sober prose they will read thus, "The gloom of my glory arose and overshadowed the earth with the name of the land! Ancient Pistol is certainly no match for this. I acknowledge that the alliteration is beautiful; but not equal to, "let ghastly, gaping wounds entwine the sisters three." But Lord Byron must be a great poet, for every body says so, and this strange thing, this gloom of glory must therefore, have existence; and all we can do with it is to place it among the inexplicable phenomena which have recently appeared in the heavens and on the earth to the great astonishment and perplexity of mankind.

But if my Lord Byron has a rhetoric of his own, it is not less evident, that he has also a grammar of his own. For instance:

*"But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,"*

In accordance with the general rules, observed by plainer people, his Lordship should have put "decrees" in the past, or "should" in the future tense, thus:

*But thy weakness decrees, I shall leave as I found thee.*

or thus:

*But that thy weakness decreed I should leave as I found thee.*

A word about his lordship's farewell to his wife. The first and third lines are to be considered as double rhimes, and "ever" and "never," and "over" and "discover," are very good ones, but what reader will admit as double rhimes, "o'er thee" and "before thee," "defaced me" and "embraced me," and "believed not" and "deceived not," &c. &c.? In order to make a double rhyme, "thee" rhimes with *thee*, and *me* with *me*, in half the verses of the poem, which is truly a very convenient way of making double rhimes, if it were admissible.

CRITIC.

#### Anecdote.

A sportsman returning from a fox chase, stopped at a farm house to get something to drink. The peasant's daughter was standing in the door, and the following dialogue ensued—

*Sportsman—Please to let me have a glass of ale miss.*

*Girl—Got none sir.*

*Sportsman—Let me have some beer then.*

*Girl—Got none sir.*

*Sportsman—Well give me a drink of water.*

*Girl—Got none sir.*

*Sportsman—Got no water! Why how do you do.*

*Girl—Very well, I thank ye sir, how do you do yourself.*

For the Courier.

#### THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

Written on receiving a letter, where the print of a conjugal regretful tear, was easily traced by the author, when preparing to sail from his country.

I.

From her I adore came a TEAR-DROP, enshrined  
In a letter whose language was sweet,  
And that tear was more welcome—more dear  
to my mind,  
Than sentiment's powers can repeat!

II.

With silence, expressive, it came from the source,  
Where feeling and sympathy blend,  
With affection and love to give eloquence force,  
In the speech of a conjugal friend.

III.

I traced every line, with a soul all on fire;  
For each word was a token to my breast;  
Or a match-light of love to enraptured desire,  
That enkindled the bosom it bless'd.

IV.

But the language grew sadder—and prompted  
a sigh.—  
As from soft sensibility stole,  
The TEAR, that fell warm, from my EVELINE'S  
eye,  
To express the distress of her soul!

V.

I marked it—embraced it—'twas tinged with  
the brine,  
That's commingled with sympathy's dew:—  
'Twas the offering of LOVE at FIDELITY'S  
shrine,  
From that heart whose devotion I knew.

VI.

'Twas a mixture of sadness—of hope—and regret—  
A spherelette created in pain,  
By anguish and woe, where the sympathies met,  
In the glowing heart's secret domain.

VII.

On "Lovers' at parting," My EVELINE dwelt—  
And the trials which constancy proves:—  
What our hearts had to feel—and how much  
they had felt,  
Since the spring of our innocent loves.

VIII.

She'd thought of her own lonely desolate state—  
But the tide of affliction flowed wild,  
When, in fancy, she witnessed her fond-loving  
mate,  
From his friends—home—and country ex-  
iled!

IX.

'Twas then sprung the warm gushing crystalline  
TEAR:  
From the pathos of soul it was wrung;  
And it fell on the dark-written signs of her fear,  
More expressive than words from her tongue.

X.

To the pitying heart, from the bosom of love,  
May the mind breathe its soul through the  
ear;  
But nought can the feelings so powerfully  
move,  
As AFFECTION'S bright index:—a TEAR!

XI.

'Tis TRUE LOVE'S own herald—the offspring of  
truth—  
Best test of the generous heart:—  
The mildest criterion in age, or in youth,  
That the sensible mind can impart.



## XII.

Then, the print of this TEAR, I shall often re-  
trace,

As I'll weep o'er the spot where it fell;—  
And ten thousand times o'er, it shall meet my  
embrace,

When I've bade my dear ERIN farewell!

## XIII.

But shed no more tears, my love!—shed no  
more tears,

Of so holy and precious a kind,  
Till the voice of my love breaks, in joy, on thy  
ears,

And disperses thy winter of mind.

## XIV.

Oh! lock up thy grief-springs—and languish no  
more,

Though I go to the land of the dove,\*  
For soon shall I hope, on fair LIBERTY'S shore,  
To welcome my sweet-smiling love!

GROVE—County of Antrim, Ireland, 4th Au-  
gust, 1815.

LEWIS VALMAYSIUS.

\* America is here called "the land of the dove," from  
its discoverer Columbus, which signifies a dove.

*Extract of a letter from the American Consul, dated  
St. Pierres, Martinique, May 26, 1816.*

"I take the liberty to advise you of the change  
which has taken place in this market, in the price  
of flour, owing, chiefly, to the demand for the  
different islands near this, if not all, being in  
want. For the last three months we have had  
only two cargoes from the United States. They  
have sold at \$11 per bbl. and \$5 25 per bbl. for  
corn. The first arrivals will obtain the same, or  
possibly \$12 for flour in the roads, for exporta-  
tion. Our fresh flour would command more, was  
it permitted for consumption; for good flour is  
very scarce, and even of bad, the supply is very  
short, and if we have no arrivals soon from France,  
American flour must be admitted for consump-  
tion.

"French flour retails at \$20—old \$16, and  
none in first hands. The first cargoes from the  
United States, will command from 14 up. I think  
our flour must be soon admitted here for the con-  
sumption of the island.

"The regulation of 1781, being in force will  
cramp our commerce. At present salt provi-  
sions and naval stores are a glut here, and no  
sales. Flour, corn, rice, and lard, are the only  
articles to recommend. An early cargo will do  
well.

"Soliciting your favors, should you send to this  
place, I am, sir, your most obedient servant.

"JOHN MITCHELL."

"Molasses, 23 cents—Rum, English, 50 to 55  
cents.

*From the Boston Evg. Gaz. of Saturday.*

*From France.*—This morning we were favored  
with the loan of Paris papers to 13th May. They  
contain the particulars of the affair near Grenoble.  
It would appear that a large body of factious peo-  
ple early in May assembled together in the de-  
partment of d'Isere, to make a *coup de main* upon  
Grenoble; they were headed by some disbanded  
half pay officers and other revolutionists; but  
were eventually routed—some killed, others  
taken, and order restored, by the national guards,  
&c. It also appears there were a number of per-  
sons in Paris who had knowledge of the plot and  
adopted measures to raise a ferment in the public  
mind, magnifying the event, and uniting false re-  
ports of a revolution at Toulouse, and in other  
departments. The leaders and many others of the

concerned had been seized by the police—and  
were to receive exemplary and prompt punish-  
ment.—Beyond this article, the Paris papers  
afforded nothing of moment.

The late French papers state that about 1000  
officers and soldiers had disembarked at Calais, to  
reinforce the English army in France, and that  
some more were expected.

*Extract of a letter from an officer of the United  
States' Navy, to his friend in the town of Pro-  
vidence, dated New-Orleans, May 5, 1816.*

"The captured schooner Comet, commanded  
by Captain Mitchell, recently arrived here, is  
about 53 tons burthen, and is one of the swiftest  
sailing vessels of her size I ever saw. She had  
on board when taken, one long 12 pounder on a  
pivot, 168 years old, and five other guns, from 3  
to 6 pounders, all of brass. The prize is sup-  
posed to be worth from 50 to 60,000 dollars. One  
small basket is said to contain 10,000 dollars in  
jewelry. The cabin of the Comet contained a  
great quantity of beautiful China ware, and the  
wardrobe of the captain is very elegant. He and  
his crew are closely confined in prison, and will  
soon, on a charge brought against them, be tried  
for piracy. From the best information, Mitchell's  
papers appear to be forged."

CHARLESTON, June 17.

*Outrage.*—A young gentleman, named Henry  
Slowman, was, on Saturday evening last, in King-  
street, stabbed through the fleshy part of the left  
arm, by a Spaniard—the point of the weapon  
made a slight incision in his side, after passing  
through his arm. The desperado had been some  
time parading the pavement, with a long knife in  
his hand, in a threatening manner, when the pass-  
ers-by attempted to secure him—in the act of at-  
tempting to seize him, we understand, Mr. S. was  
wounded. The villain fled a short distance, and  
threw his knife over a wall; but was soon taken  
and secured in the guard house.

*From the (Phila.) True American.*

*INDEPENDENCE.*—What preparations are mak-  
ing to celebrate the fourth of July? Such, we  
hope, as are worthy the most glorious occasion in  
the annals of our country: such as will do honor  
to the memory of Washington and to the patriots  
who fought and bled to give us a rank among the  
nations: such as will awaken those pure and gen-  
erous sentiments which inspired the bosoms of  
our revolutionary heroes: such as will do honour  
to the first city in the nation.

It is true: the Sun in his wide circuit through  
the heavens illumines not a country so blest as  
ours. Perfect happiness is not the lot of man.  
Go to Africa—inquire of the wretched corsair  
along the Mediterranean—what are the rights  
that they enjoy? Or ask the miserable beings that  
inhabit its western and southern coasts, what cau-  
ses they have for joy? It is a barren waste—its  
moral aspect is darker than the hue of its inhab-  
itants.

Visit Asia. Is the prospect brighter? Super-  
stition, ignorance, and tyranny, reign from one  
extreme to the other. England sways the sceptre  
of a conqueror over millions; who are still more  
debased by the worship of the "blind gods, the  
deaf gods, the dumb gods" of paganism. The ex-  
tensive government of China, is a government of  
political despotism, and of moral darkness. The  
classick Isles and shores in the West sound no  
longer to the songs of science and freedom, and  
the sacred vallies of Palestine are the residence of  
the disciples of Mahomet.



And what of Europe? Religion, philosophy, and the arts have certainly meliorated the condition of its inhabitants. But the fairest and freest portion of this quarter of the globe, is miserable and enslaved in comparison with our own. Would you exchange with France?—The foot of the conqueror still pollutes her soil—the turbid streams of the revolution still poison her fountains; and they are “bitterer than the waters of Marah.” A view of Italy, Spain, or the north, affords much to deplore, and little to covet or admire. But England? There it is true, the Press is comparatively free; there the trial by jury exists; there the judiciary is independent; the arts flourish; and commerce opens a thousand channels to wealth. Is England then an object of preference? Answer us these questions before you reply—Do you wish a national religion established by law, with the appendage of tythes, upon you and your children forever? Do you wish your taxes increased an hundred fold, and a national debt of seven hundred and fifty million pounds sterling? Do you court the blessings of a thousand sinecures, or do you wish to see families of nobles taking precedence of yours? Do you sigh for the honor of humbling yourselves to his “Grace,” or his “Lordship,” or to exchange the proud feeling of electing your own chief magistrate for the chance of having a Prince Regent, or a Henry VIII. Believe us, countrymen, England, with all her power and wealth, and honors, is borne down by the hand of oppression. Though many in the middle classes are intelligent, independent, and comfortable; yet the low are very abject—proud to harness themselves to the chariot of a Lauriston or Leopold; while the high are lordly, arrogant, and overbearing. These remarks are not made because we imagine a single one would prefer England or her government to our own country. Such aspersions are the offspring of faction or of folly; but they are made to show how excellent is our own country in comparison to the best abroad.

True, there are evils at home. God grant there never may be more. Public opinion has gone astray, and the best men in the nation are excluded from the public confidence. The baleful spirit of party, excited and then directed by art and ambition, has raised those to power, whose true stations, were they on a level with their capacities, might be found in the places of constables, or perhaps with the commissions of justices. We are blessed with the best government on earth: But for the Post office of Albany we would not sacrifice our consciences and say, that we have the best administration. This is an evil that the people CAN REMEDY—and notwithstanding the present apathy of the public feeling—WILL REMEDY.

We confidently repeat the assertion, that the sun in his wide circuit, illumines not a country so blest as ours.”—Then should our joy be manifested by suitable demonstrations on the coming anniversary of our INDEPENDENCE.

*Extract of a letter from an Officer on board the ship United States, off Algiers, to a gentleman in New-Haven, dated April 16, 1816.*

SIR—The John Adams being on the eve of sailing for America, I avail myself of addressing you at this period. We arrived here ten days since from Mahon, Island of Minorca, in company with the American squadron. About a week since the Dey of Algiers was very hostile to the Consul-general; the treaty concluded by Mr Shaylor being disavowed

of by the Dey—observing that such a treaty could not exist—that he had assembled his white bearded men, (alluding to his Council) and they had pronounced it inadmissible, unless the American government would reimburse them with a vessel or money equivalent to the one that has been sometime in dispute. She has been given up by the Spaniards, and they in return have restored their subjects that were on board the Ferdinand VIth, when she foundered on the coast of Barbary last December. On the treaty being sent to the Consul, he immediately repaired on board the ship.—A flag of truce was immediately hoisted, and one sent on shore; at the same time a signal was made for the Swedish Consul to come off, but was not permitted by the Algerines. The Dey sent off a flag, giving notice that the Consul might come on shore and act under the old treaty. A Council of War was held on board this ship, and it was determined to attack his fleet immediately with the boats of the squadron—Accordingly the boats were manned and armed, and the plan of attack made. You will understand that their fleet, which consists of twelve sail besides gunboats, were moored in the Mole, therefore it would be absolutely necessary for a boat expedition. The third day after the Dey's hostility towards us, the Swedish consul came on board and returned with a flag, accompanied by Captain Perry of the Java—They waited upon the Dey, who appeared to be much more pacific than the two preceding days:—he observed that he would supply the squadron with water and provisions, but should the squadron leave Algiers before this business was adjusted, he would consider it as an avowed declaration of war on our part. The day following, the Consul general, the Commodore, and all the Captains, waited on the Dey. The Algerines are not contented with our conduct towards the brig that was detained by the Spaniards; they say, had it not been for the men that fell into their hands, (alluding to the Spaniards) that they would never have recovered her; therefore they think we are in duty bound to present them with a vessel of her class, and furthermore demanded it.

The Dey appears willing to let things remain as they do at present, until our Consul-general has advice from our government concerning the affair. Should our government not gratify their demands, a fresh war will inevitably take place. We are now replenishing our water, and sail in two days for Leghorn and Marseilles; the other ships of the squadron I believe sail for Tripoli. It is presumed we shall not tarry long at a time from off Algiers—

Their squadron is now dismantled, and little or no preparation making for a cruise. It is supposed they will come out and seek a fight with the Dutch, unless they are reinforced. The Dutch appear to be quite relaxed in their duty; they have not appeared off Algiers this 3 or 4 months.



*Extract of a letter to a gentleman in Philadelphia, dated*

"MALAGA, May 10, 1816.

"I am surprised we have not heard of the arrival of Commodore Chauncey in the Mediterranean, as we were informed he was ready to sail from Boston the latter end of February. We fear some accident has happened to him. You may rely upon it, that it is absolutely necessary for you to have a strong squadron to protect your trade from the Algerines. It appears to me, that, for the safety of your trade, you had better be at war than at peace with those pirates. If you were at war, not one of their cruizers would leave their ports. Your countrymen stand much higher in the opinion of the people here, than any others; that you may ever do so, is the sincere wish of your friend, &c. B. L."

*From the Federal Republican of Saturday.  
Free Trade and Sailors' Rights forever!*

We request the hungry eulogists of our administration to pause in their panegyrics for a few moments, while we state the following brilliant little fact for their contemplation;

"The Portland Argus of Wednesday last, and Supplements, contain an advertisement 42 columns in length, giving notice to delinquents in the District of Maine, as to the United States tax of 1816, that those who do not pay their previous to ten o'clock, A. M. on the 15th of July next, with ten per cent. additional, will then have so much of their estates sold, as will be sufficient to pay with twenty per cent. additional."

Now we think our administration admirers cannot do better than to turn their attention to this paragraph. Here are advertisements occupying a space of forty-two columns, informing the free citizens of this country that their houses must be sold over their heads to pay for Mr. Madison's war. They are, however, it is to be presumed, amply compensated for this trifling inconvenience by the round assertions of our democratic editors, that our cabinet have derived a world of glory from the contest. The auctioneer, while he is flourishing his hammer over their heads, may tell them, be comforted gentlemen, our administration's glory is a very expensive article—it consumes your houses and lands, and turns you out upon the world paupers and mendicants! You will have the pleasure of reflecting what an incomparable sacrifice you are making, and it will give you a fair opportunity of putting your patriotism to the proof. Free trade and sailors' rights demand this trifling acknowledgment more especially as Mr. Madison has so handsomely abandoned them by his treaty.—If you and your families are made mendicants, you have only to reflect that government is a very expensive thing—that the great men who superintend our destinies at Washington must be paid, and paid roundly too, for the paternal care which they take of this republic.

In the state of Maryland, Mr. Madison's auctioneer will, in all human probability, de-

lay his friendly visits until after the election in September next.

We may after that period expect to see the columns of our own newspapers loaded with the names of the citizens of Maryland reduced to insolvency by Mr. Madison's glory. His auctioneers, it seems, are allowed ten per cent. for their agency in this business, for they, as well as other patriots, must be well paid for their services. They will tell the people now, what friends they have in our administration, to steal a few votes at the polls, and after our fellow-citizens have done this, they will be told, quietly and peaceably to depart from their estates, for Mr. Madison cannot afford to have so much glory for nothing. They may still be allowed to join the democratic editors in shouting the panegyrics of our administration, and this will not be thought to be high treason, in the eyes of our glorious and patriotic cabinet. They will be allowed to cry long live King James the Second! May he tread in the footsteps of James the First, and prove his patriotism likewise, by the sale of our children's houses and lands!

*From the Boston Daily Advertiser.*

#### COMMUNICATION.

*Extracts from a French work on Commerce, Agriculture, and Manufactures.*

On the regulation of the rates of interest on money loaned.

At last we are pleased to see one writer avow openly the principles which good sense and experience have long proved to be correct; that all laws limiting the rate of interest are absurd and prejudicial to commerce and to borrowers. We are not usurers ourselves, nor do we wish to become such. Usury can only flourish highly under severely penal laws. If we wished to be usurers, we should beg that the laws against it might be more severe.

But we have felt, and indeed we might say, know, that the laws against usury are not only the most unjust, but the most foolish ever devised to remedy, what is called an evil. If antiquity be pleaded in favour, we should answer, they are not more ancient than human slavery, which all the world is now uniting to abolish. They are not near so ancient, as the Catholic principle, that the Scriptures are to be kept in a foreign and unknown tongue, and not dispersed among the people. Yet in our day we see them translated into every tongue, and dispersed as well by Catholic as Protestant.

These laws, in fine, against usury, are not more ancient nor more supported by vulgar prejudice, than the laws regulating the price of the first necessary of life, called *the assize of bread*.

For almost one thousand years the last mentioned laws have been so popular in Great Britain that a minister would have lost his head who should have proposed their repeal. Yet strange to tell (though men of tolerable sense have long perceived their absurdity, injustice and inefficiency) Parliament never dared to interfere till last year, when an able report was made, proving to demonstration, not only that the laws were unjust and absurd, but that they had constantly aggravated the evil, they were intended to restrain. The committee concluded by recommending to put bakers on the footing of other artificers, trusting to the effects of a free competition.

Now if such changes in opinion on three im-



portant questions, supported for centuries by public clamour, have taken place within a few years, may we not indulge the hope that the people will believe, that usury is an evil which can never be entirely cured, but which may be rendered much more violent by injudicious restraint, and more moderate by being left to itself? The cupidity of unprincipled men is only excited by the risks of the law, and they demand a higher premium in consequence of these risks. The world are not yet prepared to consider fairly the injustice and inequality of such laws—the unfairness of subjecting one species of capital to restraints not imposed on others. Perhaps this prejudice may never be overcome: but the sound sense of the French author from whom we have made previous extracts may make some proselytes and advance the period in which our legislation on this subject may become more consonant to justice and sound policy.

It would seem, according to this author, that both the minister of finance and many members of their lower house of assembly in France came out in opposition to the laws against usury, and that these laws are not in fact enforced, though in existence, in France.

This is his reasoning.

"Money is not only a measure of exchange by which the value or price of all other merchandize is regulated, but it is in itself often an article of merchandize."—[It is often such in our country, and bears a premium according to the demand.—*Translator.*]

"The profits of a merchant of silver or gold, commonly called a capitalist, may therefore be likened to those of any other merchant." "The profits which other merchants derive from their traffic are composed of several elements or items. They include the advances for the purchase of the goods, for duties, for their rents, and all their other expenses; also for the delay of payment, according to the credit given to the purchasers: the risks they run either of their merchandize being subject to leakage, or damage, as well as of the solvency of their debtors. In fine, an indemnity for their time and pains. These charges amount, according to the nature of the business, to 10, 15, or 20 per cent.

"The elements or items which compose the profits of a *monied capitalist*, are nearly the same.

"They are governed by the *political situation* of the country, whether it be in peace or at war, troublous, or tranquil within.

"Upon the goodness and stability of the laws and administration of justice.

"Upon the magnitude of the sum borrowed and the length of time for which the loan is made.

"Upon the profession or occupation of the borrower, his probable success.

"Upon his probity, conduct and solvability.

These things are so different, admit of so many modifications, that no two cases can ever be alike.

"You cannot therefore regulate (properly) the rate of interest any more than you can the value of merchandize.

"In vain Bonaparte attempted it by severe laws. It had no effect either in the cities or in the country. It only served to diminish the number of lenders, and to enable and induce and justify those who did lend in violation of the law, to ask a more exorbitant rate of interest than they would have done, in consequence of the dangers to which they were exposed. "The imperial government (Bonaparte's) was obliged to suspend the execution of the usury law because its own wants were great, and the only effect was, that

by these rigorous measures, the rate of interest was higher than before."

"Reason and experience seem to dictate that the Legislature ought to leave the rate of interest unlimited to be settled by the lender and borrower. *The freedom existed in France for many years, and notwithstanding the great use for money which the government had, no inconvenience was sustained by this license.* It tended rather to make loans more moderate and profitable to borrowers."

"It is only necessary for government to say that when recourse is had to the judiciary, and no special agreement has been made between borrower and lender, the interest shall be five per cent."

This is sound sense, and excellent politico-economical principles. The rate of interest in France in 1804 and 1805, was about four or five per cent. Yet you might take twenty without any penalty if any man would be so foolish as to give it. But nobody was, because it could be obtained cheaper. Abolish our laws against usury and the rate of interest would fall to five per cent. Some instances would exist of an exorbitant rate of interest. So there are at present, and that rate is higher not only by all the risk which the lender runs of the loss of his capital by the usury law, but (what few authors have noticed) nine out of ten of the lenders are kept entirely out of the market by these laws, as they can get six and a half and seven and a half per cent. in public stocks, and banks. If we ever mean to have the rate of interest low, we must put money on the footing of other merchandize, and let it be sold for what it is worth, the credit of the borrower and all other things considered.

*East, or Lost Greenland.* This is known to have been once a flourishing colony; but for the space of three centuries past no vestige of the country has been found, though great search has been made for it. The London Quarterly Review has the following remarks upon it:—The loss of this colony is one of the most singular events in human history; their loss it may be literally called, for, to use the words which Montgomery has so well applied to a different occasion,

"This sole memorial of their lot

Remains; they were—and they are not."

The last authentic accounts of their existence are towards the close of the fourteenth century. The pestilence, which under the name of the Black Death, devastated Europe in the middle of that century, is supposed to have reached this remotest region of the north. In Iceland two thirds of the population were cut off by it; it is therefore, scarcely to be imagined that their neighbours should have escaped the same dreadful visitation, especially as, unlike other pestilences, the farther north it proceeded the more destructively it raged. But the room made by such ravages would soon have been filled up, and there is reason to attribute the loss of East Greenland to a more permanent evil. During the winter of 1348, the whole of the coast of Iceland was frozen, so that a horseman might have ridden from cape to cape round the island. Such a circumstance never occurred before since the country was discovered; and it seems probable that in this winter the accumulation of ice began, which has blocked up the coast of East Greenland.

[*Conn. Courant.*]

Concluding extracts from Memoranda made in Europe, 1815—16.

Ostend is a small sea-port strongly fortified by



modern French works, regular bastions, and numerous outworks, with revetments of turf. The British landed great quantities of military stores here; their mortars of 10 inches are gornard, with trunnions, and many of their troops were here ready to embark for home. This country is low, damp and cold, and many of the poor Scotch suffered extremely, and many were martyrs for their attachment to their national dress. Their legs are bare except a short green plaid petticoat, descending to the knee, and a red plaid lacing extending up to the calf. They wear the uniform red coat and a thick woolen cap, with a red and white plaid border and plume, and a heavy tuft of waving black feathers, which cover the whole head. Entrance to this port is intricate; with many dangerous irregular currents. Accidents to packets and transports are frequent.

Embark for England, land at Dover, the heights are most romantic, strong and fortified. Officers of the customs are extremely rigid, yet many goods are smuggled. Road to London traverses a pleasant, rich agricultural country producing hops, and settled with numerous large towns built with brick, as universally employed in England as stone in France for building; it is sometimes covered with Roman cement, a very close imitation of stone, and very durable.

A few sickly contemptible wild-beasts, 120,000 stand of muskets, thumb screws of Spanish Armada for torturing the British to discover their treasures, shields with pistol barrels running through to fire from behind, the connecting link between ancient and modern armour; Henry 8th's massive cane, with four pistol barrels in the head, the iron armour of a dozen ancient kings, placed on their images on horseback, is a fair inventory of the extraordinary curiosities at the much vaunted Tower of John Bull, and to collect extravagant fees for showing this, he keeps some dozen pages and wardens, tricked out in the livery of the 12th century. The jewels are removed to repair the building.

The royal palaces and public buildings in England are ordinary, but the dome of Saint Paul's especially the inside view, is more grand than any thing of the kind in France. The chapel at Windsor is hung round with armour, a singular ornament, the spoils of some enemy. Westminster Abbey is a low, extensive Gothic pile, interesting only from its tombs. The modern repairs of this and other Gothic buildings from their freshness, form a singular contrast with the venerable remains of antiquity. The specimens of sculpture here and others in England are among the best of the art. One of the monuments was erected by Massachusetts Bay, for Lord Viscount Howe, slain in America in '58, and illustrates the popularity of that name in our country.

The East, West India and London docks are most wonderful and expensive establishments. The first, three miles from Exchange, covers about fifty acres of land; the compa-

ny ships, rate twelve hundred and fifty, carry fifteen hundred tons, and are very handsome. The West India vessels are between three and four hundred tons, and the docks cover fifty-four acres. While these with their admirable ware-houses do honour to the country, they must be a heavy tax on commerce.

Barclay and Perkins's brewery makes 235 thousand barrels of beer per year—most of the operations are performed with great ingenuity by the steam engine, which by means of hose, conducts the beer throughout the establishment. It is contained in one hundred immense circular vats above ground. Eighty of the fine English dray-horses, the largest and most powerful in the world are employed here. Beer is exported to America, and though contraband, a vast quantity to Russia.

Steam boats do not succeed in England. Those which ran between London and Gravesend, are prohibited by the city government of Gravesend, from their throwing so many watermen out of employ. Like all labour saving machines they must be introduced cautiously and gradually into use here.

West's pictures, especially the two scenes from our Saviour's history, are excellent and striking in design, in execution a little strained and theatrical, and the chalky paleness of some of the sick rather extreme. He is about so and his eyesight perfect. The paintings at the British Institution are not striking. Allston's cavern scene from Gil Blas is excellent, and his Peter's deliverance much esteemed by connoisseurs, but in a very bad light, being designed for an elevated position in a church. Some at his rooms are very fine. There appears to be some national prejudice against him not experienced by Copely and West, who went over before our revolution.

The salary of our minister is not adequate to the necessary expences of living in England, he dwells retired about nine miles from the city in which he has an office and secretary, and where he comes twice a week himself. He has little intercourse with foreign diplomatic characters about the court, and though it is not necessary that republican ministers should maintain all the splendour of royal representatives, yet for the interest of our country, they should be enabled to support a decent intercourse with society of their own rank. The suspicion of neglect of the court toward Mrs. Adams was unfounded, the Queen had held no drawing room since her arrival, and was to be presented at one immediately.

The theatres are very handsome but not well supported. Kemble does not perform, and no actor on either stage equals Cooper. Kean has a poor voice, bad face and insignificant figure, but supports vicious characters with eclat. He performed Sir Giles Overreach well, though difficult from some ranting extravagant passages. Miss O'Neil is very celebrated in pathetic characters---



The latest paper contains the trial of Lieutenant Gen. Lefebvre Desnouettes, on accusation against him, and for contumacy.

The charges were,

1. Having with the intention of overthrowing the legitimate government, marched the corps of royal chasseurs that he commanded from Flanders to La Fere.

2. Having attempted to corrupt the fidelity of the troops stationed at La Fere.

3. Having endeavoured to seize the depot of artillery at La Fere.

The Council unanimously declared him guilty of the two first charges; and not guilty of the third by a majority of three voices.

He was immediately sentenced to death, and his estate to the expense of the trial.

[The above General, we believe, is at Philadelphia or New-York.]

Paris, May 12:—Austria is reducing her army with great activity. The sale of cavalry horses and military stores is continued.

There is not the least agitation in any department but that of L'Isere.

Admiral Linois is created a Count, and M. de Joinville a Baron.

The vessel Estafette arrived on the 14th at Toulon, from Algiers, with nine French slaves, who had been given up by the Algerine Regency on the demand of the Consul-general of France.

#### *From the Raleigh Minerva.*

Mr. Scott—The following letter was written by a Female Student of the Raleigh Academy, for the purpose of exhibiting to the Trustees a specimen of her proficiency in composition—owing to some cause or other it was never presented. It fell into my hands by accident—Should you deem it worthy a place in your paper, please publish it—Yours, A. B.

*Raleigh, 20th May, 1816.*

Dear Louisa.—Obedient to your request I shall endeavour to explain to you what I meant in my last by "ridiculous sensibility."

It has been somewhere said that "to mourn without measure is folly—not to mourn at all insensibility." Before therefore, we indulge our feelings, we should carefully consider first the object of feeling and secondly the magnitude of the distress. There are many persons who indulge in a sickly sensibility on the imaginary evils of society, who are cold as marble in regard to the real distresses of humanity. I will give you an example.

The other day I went to visit my young friend Sally Sorrowful. I found her in a shabby dishabille in her chamber—the curtains all let down, and the maid servant stationed at the door to exclude all gay visitors: She was reclining on her left hand, and with her right, in which she held a white handkerchief, was wiping the tears from her eyes. Such a sight was calculated to produce correspondent feelings, and after a little while as soon as delicacy would permit, I entreated her to communicate to me the cause of so melancholy a scene. She raised her languid head and applying a bottle of salts several times to her nose, she acquired spirits to proceed. My dear friend you know how easily

the sorrows of my fellow creatures affect me—nature has formed me with too feeling a heart; but I can't help that, I wish I could. You must know then that my amiable Clarissa has been betrayed, abandoned and brought to extreme distress, by the man of her earliest affection, and in whom she placed the most unbounded confidence. He prevailed upon her to leave her friends and go with him to town: But she soon discovered the baseness of his principles and banished him her presence, and much more, which if I had time tell you, would petrify you with grief.—Oh much injured Clarissa! noble minded victim! Oh, that I could press thee to my sympathetic bosom and soothe thy every sorrow. Here she began to weep afresh. I begged her to be composed and not consume herself in unavailing grief and enquired the name of the lady's family. Harlowe—she replied. I did not know any person of that name. And pray what is the name of the gentleman? Lovelace. Where does he live? In England. And the lady where does she reside? In England also. Then she is a relation of yours. No—I never saw her in my life. Indeed! all this is very strange, when did these circumstances take place? She looked at me with a smile and replied. Why child I don't know that they ever happened at all. I got it out of a novel—why sure—have you never read that old delicious work entitled "Clarissa Harlowe in five volumes."

Guess my astonishment my dear Louisa when I found that all this fuss was about the fictitious distresses of an imaginary heroine! I could scarcely contain my laughter, it was so truly ludicrous. I now rose to depart lest I might betray my real sentiments, but she prevented me by informing me that she had received news that morning that her aunt was dead. Poor old woman said she—I knew she could not stand it long. She has left my sister and me all her estate which is very considerable—so you see my dear I shall be able to make a greater splash than ever. I wish she had put off dying a few days longer for it will prevent my going to the ball next Wednesday, however, disappointment is the lot of mortals and we must submit.

Now you perceive what I mean by "ridiculous sensibility" which is commonly the companion of vanity and ignorance, and argues a material deficiency in both the head and heart. Women of this description bring a reproach upon our sex.

I suppose they think it amiable, or they would not practice such low unbecoming artifices. I have seen some that would weep over a novel who would refuse a shilling to a miserable beggar, and read of a battle where hundreds fell with as much indifference as a common paragraph advertising "fish for sale." Such young ladies make coquettes in their youth, and sinners in their old age. They are dangerous companions—weak advisers, and false friends, and from all such fatal influence and dangerous tendencies may God my dear Louisa guard us both.



Milledgeville, Georgia, June 12.

The communication which follows, disclosing an act of villainy almost incredible, was furnished by an intelligent gentleman of undoubted veracity.

Messrs. GRANTLANDS, I transmit to you, for publication, the following statement of facts, which I have from unquestionable authority, in order that those who violate the laws, and trample upon the rights of hospitality may be brought to condign punishment.

Two persons armed, by the names of—Stobo and John Castellow were on their way, passing through the county of Jasper, on the 28th ultimo, enquiring for the road leading into the Cherokee Nation, having in their custody five Spaniards, in Sailors dress, whom they say it is their intention to sell to the Cherokees. On inquiry, they say, they purchased them in Telfair county, and that one of the two paid part down and gave his note for the balance of the consideration money, to which the other is a witness. But the unfortunate persons in custody, intimate, in terms hardly intelligible, not being able to speak English, that they are from Europe, and being strangers in Pensacola where they landed, were decoyed by these two Americans out of town by fair promises; and having got them in their power confined them in such a manner as to render resistance useless.

In this manner, it appears, they have been driving these men on foot, (they on horseback and well armed) through the country—A country too, boasting of its liberties, and of the sacred rights of hospitality!

There is nothing in the appearance of these Spanish prisoners that indicates any mixture of African blood in their veins; and to suffer foreigners unacquainted with our language, customs and manners, whom misfortune has driven upon our coast, to be treated with such inhumanity and those who are the authors of such brutality; to escape with impunity, would be a reflection upon the government, and a slur upon the American character.

It is hoped that prompt measures will be taken to release these unfortunate men, and to punish the offenders, who, in passing through the country, take unusual pains to avoid detention and to elude the officers of justice.

The Editors in Augusta and Savannah will do well to give publicity to this.

#### LINES

Occasioned by Lord Byron's "Fare thee well,"  
and "Sketch of Private Character."  
———*Facit indignatio versum,*  
*Quatemcunque potest*—Juvenal: 1 sat.

'Tis true, as Burke long since indignant said,  
The Age of Chivalry indeed is fled.  
Britons attend—a Poet and a Peer  
Wakes to his descendant loud the public ear.  
What mighty themes his eloquence inspire?  
For what high purpose does he strike the lyre?  
Is it the deeds of Heroes to rehearse,  
And fire their sons to glory in his verse?  
To bid a people break Oppression's rod?

To sing the praises of his King or God?

To warn the few, whom Providence has blest  
With rank and power, of what they owe the rest?  
Urge wealthy Av'rice to unclose her hand,  
And pour her bounty o'er a suffering land?  
Not so—the Peer invokes his Muse's aid,  
To wound a virtuous Wife and Servant Maid.  
What means that plaintive tone—as if the wife  
Had called her husband to the wordy strife?  
That whine of pain from blows, which more  
"disgraced

"As coming from the arm that had embraced?"  
What blow was aimed by her, who only fled  
When shame and fear had driven her from thy  
bed?

Nor cry nor plaint from her the public heard;  
Nor sympathy she claimed, nor charge preferred;  
In silence bore her wrongs and wept her woes;  
Or told the hated tale alone to those  
Whose help she needed in the rugged road  
Thy cruel hand with sharpest thorns has strew'd.  
Much injured Dame, thou might'st indeed complain.

(Did not meek modesty thy tongue restrain.)  
Thou might'st complain, that by a husband's hand  
Thy name was made a story through the land.  
Thee, in an evil hour, did Pity move  
To over-rate the powers of virtuous love—  
Full dearly hast thou rued, with sorest smart,  
This venial error of a noble heart;  
From thee let Albion's daughters warning take,  
Nor trust in marriage to reform a rake.  
But be, not thou, a second time deceived  
By him, who once thy inmost soul hath grieved;  
Heed not the wailings of the canting strain,  
Which seeks to lure thee to his arms again.  
Religion bids her votaries forgive,  
But bids not with the Sons of Vice to live.  
Forgiveness doth he name, who fills the page  
With the wild ravings of distempered rage?  
Who (such the hate that rankles in his breast)  
Would make the grave itself no place of rest;  
Would close the gates of highest Heaven on  
prayer;

And bid e'en trembling penitence despair,  
Vain man! these monstrous feelings to proclaim.  
And think such sentiments can win thee fame—  
Thyself the slave of passion, thus to brand,  
And vent such frenzy in a christian land.  
What learn we of the menial, whom thy verse  
Loads with invective foul and impious curse?  
Save that in humblest circle while she moved,  
By those she served her service was approved—  
By them above her fellows she was raised;  
By thee in bitterness of gall dispraised.  
(Her name in future times, as now unknown.)  
The filth which at her head thy hand hath  
thrown,

Shall back return, and rest upon thine own.

Mr. Robert Bloomfield, the well known author of the Farmer's Boy, is now residing in the parish of Shefford, Bedfordshire, "under considerable embarrassment, which his delicacy has induced him to conceal; and the conditions of his engagements with the booksellers prevent him from relieving himself by a new edition of his former work, or by a new publication."—*Lon. pap.*

A man of the name of Courtois, nicknamed Big James, in Paris, has discovered a mode of putting dogs asleep, when casually met in the streets, in which state he carries them home as dead, and sells them to the surgeons. On the 14th inst. he was brought before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, and sentenced to four months imprisonment. [*Par. pa.*